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ERIC GRAPHIC NOVEL • \$8.95 U.S. • \$12.25 CAN.

WILLIAM GIBSON'S
NEUROMANCER

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL . . . VOLUME I
BY TOM DE HAVEN & BRUCE JENSEN



WILLIAM GIBSON'S
NEUROMANCER
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL . . . VOLUME 1

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A BYRON PREISS BOOK



NEUROMANCER: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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INTRODUCTION

Translation is a peculiar business, particularly for monoglot novelists who find themselves in print in languages they know they'll never learn to read. *Neuromancer*, also known as *Neuromancien* (French), *Neuromante* (Italian), etc., is a case in point.

The Japanese edition of *Neuromancer*, for instance, is a startlingly compact volume with its front cover at the wrong end. I sometimes take it down from the shelf above my desk, look at it, and wonder what exactly is going on in there. I'll never know.

The edition in front of you is something else: it's been translated into a language I can read, one I've known for a long time.

Walt Kelly taught me to read. I was having trouble, in school, with reading; my mother, for some reason, decided that the thing to do was to read to me from *I Go Pogo*. It worked. Soon I was reading myself to sleep with Albert and Pogo, unaware that I was simultaneously absorbing mega-doses of Mr. Kelly's gently savage political satire.

It probably had something to do with the pictures.

Later on, I read real American comic books. (*Pogo* was collected, in those days, in what would now be called "trade paper", except that the covers were made of a pulpy stuff that came, if you read yourself to sleep over it often enough, to resemble old flannel.) I read DC, mostly, and I remember admiring the artwork in *Sgt. Rock*, where the dead Jerries Sarge tommymugged were delicately suggested by bouncing, bullet-holed coalscuttle helmets. I remember *The Flash* being reborn, drawn by someone named Carmine Infantino, and how great it was, when the Flash would kick into overdrive and speed through a city so slick that it must've made L.A. architects gnaw their knuckles with jealousy. EC Comics were something I'd only read about, long since run out of town on a rail. All that survived of the EC line was (the post-Kurtzman) *Mad*, though my older cousins, the Bogle brothers, had a stack of the real, the original *Mad*, and who knows what effect that stuff may ultimately have had on me?

I had a copy of the Classics Illustrated *War of the Worlds* that I kept for years, regarding it as superior to the original, even though their version of *The Time Machine* couldn't touch Welles, or even George Pal, because the guy just couldn't draw morlocks.

When I was thirteen years old, I wanted to be a comics artist. I also wanted to be a science fiction writer and win the Hugo, but drawing comics seemed the shorter route. I was wrong, and for several reasons, not the least of which was that I couldn't draw very well, at least not the way Carmine Infantino and those other guys could. I wanted my work to look like theirs, but somehow it never did, no matter how long I fumbled around with my drippy Speedball pens. Looking back on it, I think that one of my problems may have been that I didn't know that comics were drawn *larger* than they were when I bought them. As a result, I tried to

produce finished work on what was really an impossibly small scale. How the hell did they manage to get all that detail in there?

By age fifteen I'd forgotten my frustrated, ink-fingered ambition, and more or less ignored comics until the first wave of American undergrounders hit the beach. This meant that I missed the whole Marvel phenomenon, and in fact never developed a taste for that stuff at all. In spite of the kinetics and relative kinkiness, Marvel's pages looked muddy to me, somehow, and anyway, there were people around like Crumb, and Rick Griffin, and the sublimely scummy S. Clay Wilson, and if I bought comics at all, I bought those.

By the time I was finally getting around to thinking about having a shot at writing science fiction, I'd even lost track of the undergrounders. This was later, my late twenties, early thirties. I think I was vaguely aware of *Metal Hurlant* and those French guys, and then *Heavy Metal* began. When *Heavy Metal* turned up in the corner store, I'd glance through it, but I seldom bought it. I did think about *Heavy Metal*, though, because frequently the artwork I saw there, particularly the stuff by those French guys, looked far more like the contents of my own head, when I tried to write, than anything I was seeing on the covers of SF paperbacks or magazines.

So it's entirely fair to say, and I've said it before, that the way *Neuromancer*-the-novel "looks" was influenced in large part by some of the artwork I saw in *Heavy Metal*. I assume that this must also be true of John Carpenter's *Escape From New York*, Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner*, and all other original artifacts of the style sometimes dubbed *cyberpunk*. Those French guys, they got their end in early.

But back to what I was saying about translations of *Neuromancer*. You're about to read one. It's the first one I've ever been able to read myself, so I take great pleasure in being able to tell you that its translators, Tom De Haven and Bruce Jensen, have done a very sharp job indeed. Not only does their version look very much like what I saw in my head, in 1983, it also moves that way. It's probably impossible to convey exactly what I mean by this, but their graphic novel walks right. From my point of view, that's an amazing and really very gratifying thing. If any of my work ever finds its way to the screen, I'll be very lucky indeed if it's this close to the author's original intent.

Enjoy it.

Meanwhile, excuse me, I have to go back and show a copy of this to the thirteen-year-old who keeps spilling the ink and getting the ankles wrong . . .

William Gibson
Vancouver

HIS MIND
RAVAGED BY DRUGS,
CHASE MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH THE
DESOLATE STREETS
OF THE 21ST CENTURY.

NEUROMANCER

NIGHT CITY, CHIBA.
A BORDERLAND
OF LOOSE DEALS,
BLACK MARKETS,
AND BETRAYAL.
AN ARBITRARY
FIELD OF DATA,
WHERE, IF YOU
STOP HUSTLING,
YOU SINK WITHOUT
A TRACE.

BUT NOBODY CAN HUSTLE
FOREVER.

WHO'D EVEN WANT TO? THE
BODY IS MEAT, A PRISON OF
FLESH. AN ARCADE OF
RUINED NERVES.



"GIRL? DON'T
HAVE ONE."



NO GIRL, NO CONSOLE, NO
CYBERSPACE. JUST BIZ
AND RANDOM MEMORIES
THAT COME IN THE
NIGHT.



THE CHATSUBO—A BAR FOR PROFESSIONAL EXPATRIATES. YOU CAN DRINK HERE FOR A WEEK AND NEVER HEAR TWO WORDS IN JAPANESE.

AH, FRIEND
CASE? HOW'S THE
ARTISTE?

KIRIN

DOING JUST FINE,
RATZ. SUPER
FINE.

WAGE WAS IN BEFORE,
WITH TWO JOYBOYS.
LOOKING FOR YOU.

SAYS, "WHERE'S THE COWBOY?"
I SAY, "CASE? AIN'T SEEN HIM—
YOU CHECK THE CLINIC TANKS?
MAYBE SOMEBODY CUT HIM UP
FOR SPARE PARTS."

FUNNY,
MAN.

WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA
BE. SURE THE HELL AIN'T
YOU.

CASE?
FINALLY.

WE GOTTA TALK. I'VE
BEEN TRYING TWO
DAYS TO FIND
YOU.

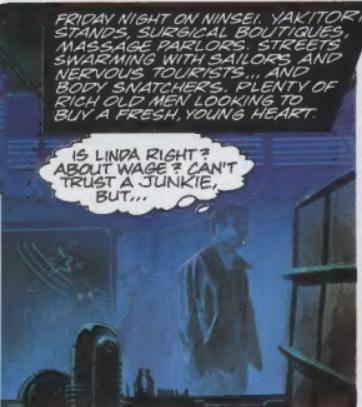
HEY, YOU ALL RIGHT?
YOU SLEEPING OKAY?
YOU LOOK TIRED.

NOT ME,
SWEETHEART.
NEVER TIRED.
NOT IF I
TAKE ENOUGH
PILLS.

FIRST WAGE, NOW LINDA LEE.
NOT GOOD. IN CHIBA.
COINCIDENCE KILLS.

GIVING HER A HUSTLER'S BOAST
AND MEANWHILE CHECKING HER
ARMS FOR SIGNS OF THE
NEEDLE. REMEMBERING THE
SOUND OF HER LAUGHTER.

AND WONDERING NOW,
HEY, WHAT'S SHE WANT?
WHAT'S THE DEAL?



THEN THE JOLT — WHEN HIS DISEMBODIED CONSCIOUSNESS WOULD PLUNGE FROM HIS FLESH AND INTO THE CONSENSUAL HALLUCINATION OF THE MATRIX.



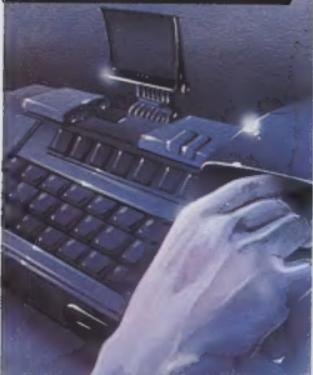
THE MEAT STAYED HOME, STRAPPED TO A CUSTOM DECK...



...BUT HIS BEING MOVED LIKE A GHOST THROUGH THE BRIGHT, UNFOLDING LATTICES OF LOGIC.



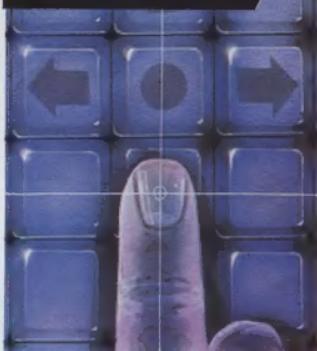
FINGERS TRIGGERED SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH PROGRAMS...



...WHILE HIS ESSENCE SKIRTED CODE TRAPS, GLIDED THROUGH PATTERNS, SLITHERED ACROSS RICH FIELDS OF DATA.



HIS EMPLOYERS HAD PROVIDED THE EXOTIC SOFTWARE TO CRACK INDUSTRIAL BANKS AND CORPORATE LIBRARIES...



BUT IT WAS CASE...



...WHO PENE-TRATED THE SYSTEMS...



...AND SNATCHED INFORMATION.



HE'D BEEN ONE OF THE BEST
COWBOYS IN THE SPRAWL,
WORKING FOR SOME OF
THE WEALTHIEST THIEVES...

...TILL HE MADE THE CLASSIC
MISTAKE--HE STOLE SOMETHING.

CLASSIC MISTAKE.
PREDICTABLE
RESULT.

HE EXPECTED TO DIE, BUT THEY
ONLY STRAPPED HIM TO A BED.
THEN SMILED.

MR CASE?
WE'VE DECIDED
THAT YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
THE MONEY

YOU'LL NEED IT, EVERY
DIME, BECAUSE YOU'RE
NEVER GOING TO WORK
AGAIN.

THE MYCOTOXIN
WAS RUSSIAN

IT FLAMED
THROUGH HIS
NERVOUS
SYSTEM...

...AND BURNED
OUT HIS
TALENT...

...MICRON BY
MICRON.

HE
HALUCINATED
FOR THIRTY
HOURS.

THE DAMAGE WAS MINUTE,
SUBTLE, UTTERLY
EFFECTIVE.

AND FOR CASE,
IT WAS THE FALL.

IN THE BARS FREQUENTED BY CONSOLE HOTSHOTS, CASE BECAME AN INTRUDER, A PARIAH...

...CONTEMPTIBLE MEAT.

AW, GOD, NOT THAT MR. WHO AGAIN I VOTE FOR ME WOTTA GIGGLE. ALL HE IS, YOU KNOW WHAT ALL HE IS? SPARE PARTS.

HE UNDERSTOOD THEIR REPULSION. AND SHARED IT.

SPENT LAST YEAR IN BEIJING, GETTING REBUILT. COMPLETE NERVE JOB TOO. WHAT I HEARD.

ABSOLUTELY.

IF THERE WAS ONE PLACE WHERE CASE'S VANDALIZED TALENT COULD BE REGENERATED, IT WAS JAPAN.

THE TOKYO NEXUS.

CHIBA.

LAST HOPE.

BULLSHIT! JAPS'VE FORGOT MORE NEURO-SURGERY THAN THE CHINESE EVER KNEW.

TWO MONTHS
OF CONSUL-
TATIONS, EXAM-
INATIONS...

...PAIN...



...THE SURGEONS
TOOK HIS
MONEY...

...AND
EXPRESSED
THEIR
REGRET.



LAST HOPE...

...LAST
VEN...



...GONE.



STRANDED UNDER A POISONED
SILVER SKY, CASE QUICKLY
BECAME PART OF CHIBA'S
CRIMINAL ECOLOGY...

...NIGHT CITY WAS LIKE A
DERANGED EXPERIMENT
IN SOCIAL DARWINISM...

...WITH DEATH THE ACCEPTED
PUNISHMENT FOR
CARELESSNESS.



IN TIME, HE CARVED OUT A REPU-
TATION—ARTISTE OF THE FAST,
LOOSE DEAL. A MIDDLEMAN, A
NECESSARY EVIL. USEFUL TO
SUPPLIERS DEALING IN
PROSCRIBED GENETIC
MATERIALS.

SUPPLIERS LIKE
WAGE.

JUST SO YOU'LL KNOW,
CASE, WE'RE PARTNERS.
BUT YOU SCREW WITH ME—
JUST ONCE—AND YOU'RE
COLD MEAT.



"AND THERE AIN'T
NOBODY CAN SAVE
YOUR ASS."





"YEAH, JULIE, THAT'S ALL.
BE SEEING YOU."

"MAYBE."

TWO MINUTES LATER, IT HITS—
A SUDDEN AWARENESS THAT
SOMEBODY'S ON HIS ASS...

WAIT, COULD BE
JUST PARANOIA.

BUT THAT REFLECTION
IN A DISPLAY WINDOW—
WHAT'S THAT?

TIME TO GET
SERIOUS.

I WANNA
BUY A
WEAPON.

COBRA
IS VERY
GOOD.

RAZORGIRL.
EXPENSIVE.
PROFESSIONAL.



...AND STRANGELY ELATED.
BECAUSE IN A WEIRD WAY
THIS SEEMS ALMOST LIKE
A RUIN IN THE MATRIX.

NIGHT CITY IS SUDDENLY A
FIELD OF INFORMATION...

THOSE MIRROR GLASSES:
A FLASH OF DATA.





COULD DIE
HERE.

A PERSON
COULD DIE
HERE.

IT'S THAT
KIND OF
PLACE.

IN PANIC, HIS BRAVADO
COLLAPSES, AND HE'S
THROUGH THE GLASS
BEFORE HE'S CONSCIOUS
OF WHAT HE'S DONE.

SOGGY CHIP.
BOARD ALLEY
JUNK. SOFT
LANDING.
ABSURD LUCK.

SHIT.

TWISTED ANKLE.
BRUISED RIBS.
BUT ALIVE.

WAGE. GOTTA
TALK TO WAGE.
SETTLE
THIS!!!



THE MAN THINKS HE'S
ENTITLED TO SOME MONEY,
FINE. NO ARGUMENT. HE
CAN HAVE SOME.





DIDN'T FIGURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN THIS EVENING, BUSY MAN LIKE YOURSELF, I FIGURE—



WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF MY BACK?

AINT ME THAT'S ON IT, FRIEND.



WAGE, I GOTTA TALK TO WAGE, I—



YES? WELL, I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT TO



HEY, CASE.



LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY
ALREADY DID. BUT LET'S FORGET
IT, ALL RIGHT? I GOT SOME-
THING FOR YOU.

SUCH
AS?

PITUITARIES. GET YOU
FIVE HUNDRED IF YOU
MOVE IT QUICK

FINE,
WE'RE
SQUARE.

BUT, hey, CASE—
ABOUT THAT SOMEBODY
GOING AROUND TELLING
STORIES. WANNA GIVE
ME A NAME? I'LL SEE
IT DON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN.

I ALREADY
SAID FORGET
IT.

BITCH! FED ME THE RIGHT LIE
AND I DID EXACTLY WHAT
SHE WANTED—LED HER
RIGHT TO MY STASH.

BUT WHAT'D SHE
GET? SOME RAM.
ENOUGH TO BUY A
TICKET HOME. WELL,
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO IT, HONEY.

"FLY AWAY, LINDA.
FLY AWAY."





THE CHIBA HILTON.
TWENTY-FIFTH
FLOOR.

I'M IMPRESSED.
WHO'S YOUR MR.
WHO?

HE CALLS HIMSELF
ARMITAGE. AND DON'T
TRY TO PUMP ME, ALL
RIGHT? YOU'LL MEET
HIM SOON
ENOUGH

JUST
CURIOS.

THAT'S
UNDER-
STANDABLE,
MR. CASE.

BUT, PLEASE...
DON'T BECOME
OVERLY CURIOUS.

IT COULD
RUIN YOUR
LUCKY
DAY...

AND THIS IS YOUR
LUCKY DAY, MR.
CASE.

BUT BEFORE I
TELL YOU WHY, LET
ME ASK YOU ONE
QUESTION. EVER
HEARD OF
SCREAMING
FIST?

SOME KIND OF
RUN, WASN'T IT?
BACK DURING
THE WAR?

DURING
THE WAR...
YES.



"AMERICAN SPECIAL FORCES
TRIED TO BURN OUT THE
RUSSIAN COMPUTER
NEXUS AT KIERNSK."

"BASIC ASSAULT
MODULE WAS A
NIGHTWING
MICROLIGHT."



A
PILOT...



"...A MATRIX DECK, A JOCKEY, AND A
VIRUS PROGRAM CALLED MOLE."



PROTOTYPES OF THE
ICEBREAKERS YOU
COWBOYS USE NOW
TO CRACK
INDUSTRIAL
BANKS.



"ONLY IT COULDN'T CUT THE ICE — THE INTRUSION
COUNTERMEASURES ELECTRONICS — THAT THE
RUSSIANS THREW UP."



SO?







WEDNESDAY. IT'S
WEDNESDAY,
CASE.





"...SORRY, OLDSON.
NOTHING ABOUT ANY
ARMITAGE WAS THAT
ALL YOU WANTED?"

"NO, JULIE, WHAT CAN YOU
TELL ME ABOUT A MILI-
TARY OPERATION CALLED
SCREAMING FIST?"

"A FAIR BIT OF PATRIOTIC, YOUNG
FLESH WAS WASTED IN ORDER
TO TEST SOME NEW TECH-
NOLOGY. VERY NASTY."

"SPRAWLSIDE BRASS
KNEW ABOUT THE
RUSSIANS' DEFENSES,
BUT THEY FLEW THE
SPECIAL FORCES IN.
REGARDLESS. JUST
TO SEE."

"BAD LUCK FOR
SCREAMING FIST.
TURKEY SHOT
FOR IVAN."

"ANY OF THOSE GUYS
EVER GET OUT?"

"HANDFUL MADE IT BACK
TO FINLAND IN A STOLEN
HELICOPTER. AND WERE
SHOT DOWN BY FINNISH
AIR DEFENSES. SAD
MISTAKE."

"ONE SURVIVOR."

"I SPENT THE WAR
IN LISBON MYSELF.
LOVELY PLACE."

"IN THE
SERVICE,
JULIE?"

"HARDLY. WONDERFUL WHAT A WAR
CAN DO FOR ONE'S MARKETS,
THOUGH."

"GOOD-BYE,
CASE."



FIVE MINUTES...
AND NINE
SECONDS,
CASE.

HOW LONG YOU
BEEN WORKING FOR
ARMITAGE?

COUPLER
MONTHS

YOU'RE
STREET
SAMURAI.

JUST A
WORKING
GIRL.

AND WHAT ABOUT
ARMITAGE-- WHO'S
HE WORKING
FOR?

I
DON'T
KNOW.

BUT HE'S GOT BIG MONEY, AND HE
KEEPS GETTING MORE. THE MAN IS
DEFINITELY ON TO SOMETHING, OR
MAYBE SOMETHING'S ON TO HIM.
BE PATIENT, CASE. WE'LL BOTH
FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON
IN TIME.

WE'RE
MOVING OUT
OF HERE SOON.
AMSTERDAM,
PARIS, THEN
BACK TO THE
SPRAWL.

IN THE
MEANTIME...
TWO
TICKETS.

KNIFE FIGHTS? I'LL
PASS, SISTER. THEY
KILL EACH OTHER
IN THERE.

SO?
IT'S ONLY
MEAT.

UNDER THE DOME, THE AIR IS DAMP AND CLOSE
WITH THE SMELL OF SWEAT AND CONCRETE
AND BLOOD. MOLLY LOVES IT...

I GOTTA GET UP AND
WALK AROUND. MY BACK -
YOU KNOW?

JUST
DON'T GO
FAR.





THE BOSTON-ATLANTA
METROPOLITAN AXIS —
BAMA. THE SPRAWL.

GOOD TO BE
HOME, CASE?

"THIS IS JUST A PLACE
ARMITAGE. JUST
ANOTHER PLACE."

GLAD YOU THINK SO,
BECAUSE THERE'LL BE NO
TIME TO GET REACQUAINTED
WITH OLD FRIENDS...
OR OLD HABITS.

AND SPEAKING OF THOSE,
CASE... YOUR PANCREAS IS NOW
BIOCHEMICALLY INCAPABLE OF
GETTING OFF ON AMPHETAMINE
OR COCAINE SO DON'T
EVEN TRY.

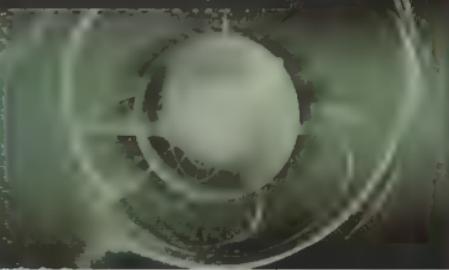
WHAT?
AND ONE OTHER THING. YOU
HAVE 15 MYCOTOXIN SACS
BONDED TO VARIOUS
ARTERIES, AND THEY'RE
DISOLVING VERY
SLOWLY...

DO THIS JOB RIGHT, AND
I CAN INJECT YOU WITH AN
ENZYME THAT'LL DISSOLVE
THE BONDS WITHOUT
OPENING THE SACS.
OTHERWISE, THEY
MELT...

AH—HERE'S
WHERE YOU
AND MOLLY
GET OFF.



IN THE DARK BEHIND CASE'S EYES, A GRAY DISK BOILS UP FROM NOWHERE...



THE DISK ROTATES... BECOMES A SPHERE OF PALER GRAY, THEN...



CLUSTERS AND CONSTELLATIONS OF DATA FROM EVERY COMPUTER IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM, INSURANCE CARTELS, DRUG CONSORCIA, THE GOVERNMENT OF BRAZIL, THE PYRAMIDS OF I.B.M. IN THE DISTANCE, THE SPIRALING ARMS OF INTELLIGENCE NETWORKS...

THE MATRIX UNFOLDING...



YOU'VE BEEN
GONE 5 HOURS,
COWBOY. NEED
TO REST?

NO...
I'M
FINE.

GOOD.
'CAUSE
COMPANY'S
COMING.



IT'S THE FINN, MOLL, AND YOU'RE PAYING ME BY THE SECOND—SO LET ME IN.



I WIRE THIS INTO YOUR SENDAI, YOU CAN ACCESS LIVE SIMSTIM WITHOUT HAVING TO JACK OUT OF THE MATRIX. LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKIN'.



SIMSTIM? THAT'S A MEAT TOY. WHAT THE HELL DO I NEED WITH THAT?



GOT ME. MOLLY SAYS FIX THE DECK SO YOU CAN HITCH A RIDE IN SOMEBODY'S EGO. I DO IT. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. I'M JUST THE MAYTAG REPAIR MAN.

WHOSE EGO?

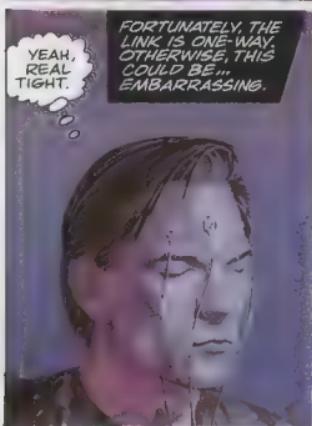


MINE. I'M ALREADY WEARING A BROADCAST RIG. SO PLUG IN, CASE, WE'RE GOING OUT.



THE SUDDEN, SICKENING JOLT
INTO OTHER FLESH—

-MOLLY'S. FOR SEVERAL SECONDS CASE
FIGHTS TO CONTROL HER BODY... THEN
WILLS HIMSELF INTO PASSIVITY...



A SOFTWARE RENTAL BOOTH WITH
A TEENAGED CLIENTELE. THEIR
SKULLS BRISTLING WITH
CARBON SOCKETS.

"I'M LOOKING FOR
LARRY—LARRY
AROUND?"

"LARRY—HEY, YOU IN,
MAN? I HAVE SOME
WORK FOR THE
PANTHER
MODERNS."

12:04:11

MOLLY'S GOT A RIDER.
THIS SAYS, AND LARRY
DON'T LIKE THAT.

"IT'S JUST MY
PARTNER."

12:05:14

TELL YOUR
PARTNER
TO GO.

WHATEVER
YOU
SAY.

CASE...

"YOU
TAKE
OFF."

COMPUTER...I NEED
A 5-MINUTE
PRECIS: PANTHER
MODERNS.



"GO."

PANTHERMODERNS ... USER AND
KEY: MEDIA... TERRORISM...
FASHION... TECHNOPETISH...

PANTHERMODERNS: A YOUTH CULT
CHARACTERIZED BY A PENDANT FOR
MICROSOFT IMPLANTATIONS AND BARRETTES
OF MIMETIC POLYCARBON, WHICH CAN
RENDER THE BODY ALMOST
INVISIBLE. [MORE](#)

PANTHERMODERNS: THOUGH OFTEN
ASSOCIATED WITH GOAL-DIRECTED
TERRORISM (KEY ALSO BIG VIOLENCE),
THIS SUBCULTURE IS MORE PROPERLY
LINKED TO MEDIA MANIPULATION AND
COMMERCIAL Nihilism. (KEY ALSO:
CONTEMPORARY HUMOR... URBAN
MERCENARIES) [MORE](#)

PANTHERMODERNS: IT IS DIFFICULT TO
ESTIMATE THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE
FLUID CULTURE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN
SPRAWL, BUT THEY ARE CONSIDERED
IMPORTANT FOR THEIR AWARENESS
OF THE EXTENT THAT MEDIA DIVORCES
TERRORIST ACTS FROM THE
ORIGINAL SOCIOPOLITICAL
[SKIP IT.](#)

I SEE YOU'VE BEEN...
PLAYING. READY
TO WORK?

ANYTIME. BE NICE,
THOUGH. IF I KNEW
WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED
TO DO.

FIRST, YOU'RE
GOING TO RAISE
THE DEAD

MCCOY
PAULEY?

HIS CONSTRUCT...
WHICH WE INTEND TO
LIBERATE FROM THE
SENSE/NET BROAD-
CASTING CORPORA-
TION. I'LL GIVE YOU SEVEN
DAYS TO CRACK THEIR ICE.



MOLLY SPENDS THE WEEK STUDYING SENSE/NET HEADQUARTERS, MEMORIZING EVERY PHYSICAL ENTRANCE AND EXIT...



SECURITY GATES BURN...METAMORPHOSE...VANISH...AMBUSH!



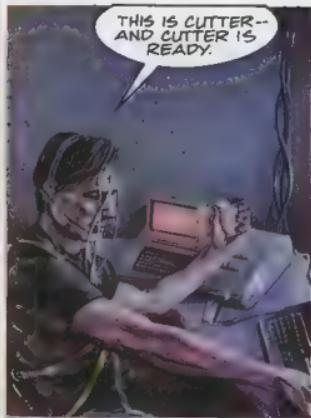
HARDLY SAW THAT COMING.

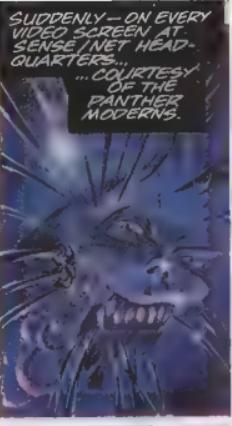


BUT I'M CUTTING IT. DOING IT. THIS IS WHAT I AM...



1998







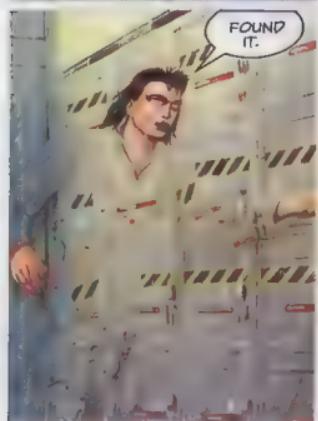
"BAMA RAPIDS ARE COOPERATING WITH UNUSUAL
EFFICIENCY—SHOOTING EVERYBODY IN SIGHT.
BUT I FIGURE WE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES TILL
THEY TUMBLE TO THE JOKE. SO GET IN AND
GET OUT, CAT MOTHER."





THE LIBRARIAN'S STILL SHAKY FROM THE STROBES. NO INTERFERENCE. ALL IS COOL.

12:08:23



CAT MOTHER SAYS
DO IT, CUTTER.
DO IT.

CASE SENDS DOWN A
CRIMSON THREAD
THAT PIERCES THE
LIBRARY ICE.

FIVE SEPARATE ALARM SYSTEMS
ARE SUDDENLY CONVINCED THAT
THEY ARE STILL OPERATIVE.

THREE ELABORATE LOCKS ARE
DEACTIVATED, BUT CONSIDER
THEMSELVES LOCKED.

THE CENTRAL BANK SUFFERS A MINUTE
SHIFT IN ITS PERMANENT MEMORY:
MC COY PAULIE'S CONSTRUCT WAS
REMOVED, PER EXECUTIVE ORDER
LAST MONTH.

--IT'S 0467839,
CAT
MOTHER

"LINK MAN,
TELL HER—"

LINK MAN?
TELL CUTTER I'M
IMRESSED.

12-10-25

CASE'S LINE WHIPS BACK INTO HIS
PROGRAM, AUTOMATICALLY
TRIGGERING A FULL-SYSTEM
REVERSAL.

THE SENSE/NET GATES
SNAP PAST HIM AS HE
BACKS AWAY...

OUT. CUTTER
IS OUT.

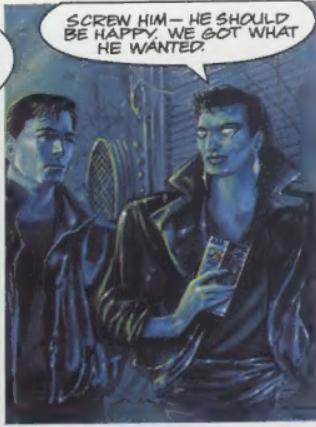
SO IS CAT
MOTHER.

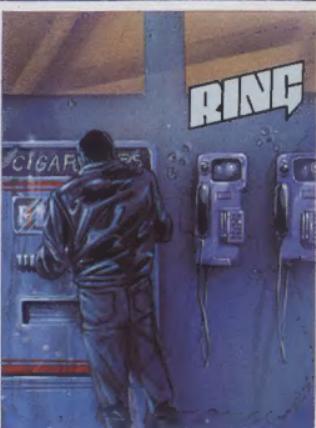
"LINK MAN, I'M—"

C'MON, MOTHER, WE'RE
FOR LEAVING. JUST
LEAN ON ME—I'LL
WALK YOU.

IMPRESSIONED? YOU AND
ME BOTH, MOLLY. YOU AND
ME BOTH.

SIX HOURS LATER.





- NEUROMANCER:
Winner of the Hugo
and Nebula Awards

- Cyberspace was the last frontier. The bright, intermeshing lattices of data in the world's massive computer networks were waiting to be plundered.
- Case was twenty-four. At twenty-two, he'd been an interface cowboy, one of the best computer jocks in the urban Sprawl that stretched down North America's east coast. A thief, he'd worked for thieves, jacked into a computer deck that projected his disembodied consciousness into the matrix of the world's computer networks. He stole secrets from corporate computers, selling them to the highest bidder.
- Then, as most thieves do, he made a classic mistake. He stole from his employers. He'd expected to die, but they only smiled. They burnt out his nervous system instead, so he'd never experience the matrix again. Until Molly offered him his last chance. Black market doctors would fix him up, if in return he'd make what might be his last desperate run.

NEUROMANCER

The Graphic Novel

The Graphic Novel
by Tom De Haven and Bruce Lepson

With an introduction by William Gibson



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